

THE
JOVIAL SONGSTER,
OR
SAILOR's DELIGHT;

A choice Collection of chearful and humourous
SONGS,

That are Sung by the Brave TARS of
OLD ENGLAND,

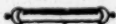
And other JOLLY and MERRY COMPANIONS,
*Who over a Cann of Flip are disposed for Mirth and
Good Humour.*

Being the most laughable and droll Collection ever published; including, among other diverting Subjects,

THE
SAILOR's DESCRIPTION
OF A
HUNTING.

*A true hearted Sailor's the Fair One's Delight,
This Book is for Mirth both by Day and by Night.*

A NEW EDITION.



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M.DCC.XCII.

THE
SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION
OF A
HUNTING.



GOING to see my father the other day, he ax'd me to take a voyage a hunting with him—so when the swabber had rigg'd the horses, they brought me one to stow myself on board of, that they told me was in such right and tight trim, she would go as fast upon any tack as a Folkstone Cutter; so I got up aloft and clapt myself athwart ship, this'n, and made as much way as the best on 'um—and to the windward of a gravel-pit we espied a hare at anchor; so she weighed and bore away, and just as I had overtaken her, my horse came bump ashore upon a stone, the back stay broke, she pitch'd me over the forecastle, came keel upwards, and unshipp'd my shoulder, and damme if I ever set sail on a land privateering again.

THE
JOVIAL SONGSTER,
OR
SAILOR's DELIGHT.

SONG.

MY POLL AND PARTNER JOE.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

I WAS dy'fee a waterman,
As tight and spruce as any,
From Richmond Town to Horsleydown
I turn'd an honest penny;
None could of fortune's favours brag,
More than lucky I,
Snug was my cot, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the stye:

A 2

With wherry tight,
And bosom light,
I chearfully did row ;
And to compleat this princely life,
Sure never one had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.
Sure never one, &c.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
Folks far and near caress'd me ;
'Till, woe is me, so lubberly,
The vermin came and press'd me !
How could I all these pleasures leave ?
How with my wherry part ?
I never so took on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board,
They gave the word,
To foreign parts to go,
I ru'd the moment I was born
That ever I should thus be torn,
From my Poll and my partner Joe.
That ever, &c.

I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling ;
And, night or day, could find my way,
Blindfold to the main-top howling !
Thus all the dangers of the sea,
Quicksands, and gales of wind ;
I brav'd in hopes again to find
The joys I'd left behind.

In climes afar,
The hottest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the foe;
I will these perils all relate,
While by my side attentivewait,
My Poll and my partner Joe.
While by my, &c.

At length it pleas'd his Majesty,
To give peace to the nation;
And honest hearts from foreign parts
Came home for consolation.
Like lightning! for I felt fresh life,
Now safe from wars alarms;
I return'd and found my friend and wife—
Lock'd in each other's arms!
Yet fancy not,
I bore this lot,
For him, a lubber, no!
For seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump down the stairs I boldly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joe.
Plump down, &c.

SONG.

THE REPRISALS.

COME rouse, brother Tars, hark! the sea-
men all cry,
We're order'd to fight let us conquer or die;
The trumpet's bold notes, and the cannon's loud
roar,
We'll chide the dull landsmen, for ling'ring on
shore.

Revenge has just sent us a prosperous gale,
 Directs all our thunders and fills every sail;
 She soon will assure us we arm not in vain,
 And make us all rich by the spoils of the main.

Leave, leave, my brave messmates, the smiles of
 the fair,
 'Tis *George* that demands all the heart you can
 spare;
 Then tell them that love must to glory give peace,
 Soon beauty shall welcome the conqueror's embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your sports ye must yield,
 Here glory awaits you on ocean's wide field:
 We've an excellent chace, nobler game we've in
 view,
 'Tis Frenchmen that fly, while we Britons pursue.

Look vonder! look yonder! Monsieur is in fight,
 Let's haste to bear down, and prepare for the fight;
 But coward-like Frenchmen ne'er wait for the
 blow,
 They, failing of speed, humbly strike to the foe.

Like sons of Old England, once more we resume
 The humbling their flags, to our high riding
 broom:
 Thy fleets, (*undone Louis*) have given us our cue,
 And pleas'd, thus we make the reprisals long
 due.

SONG.

THE MERRY SAILOR.

HOW pleasant a sailor's-life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main ;
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his gain :
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a base action,
 For power and profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys ?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
 Goes thro' the world my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life ;
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,
 But plenty too often breeds strife :
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.

Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state ;
 Than we, who to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great :
 The numerous blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try ;
 No mortals on earth can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.

Then why, &c.

SONG.

RUDDY AURORA.

WHEN ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
 And dew drops impearl the sweet flower
 so gay,
 Sound, sound, my stout archers, sound horns & away ;
 With arrows sharp pointed we go,
 See Sol now arises in splendor so bright,
 IO Pæan for Phœbus who leads to delight,
 All glorious illumin'd now rises to fight :
 'Tis he boys, is god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer to Venus's shrine,
 Libations we'll pour to great Bacchus divine ;
 While mirth, love & pleasure in junction combine,
 For archers, true sons of the same.
 Bid sorrow adieu, in soft numbers we'll sing,
 Love, friendship, & beauty, shall make the air ring,
 Wishing health and success to our country & king ;
 Encrease to their honour and fame.

SONG.

CAROLINE OF GOSPORT.

'T WAS at the break of day, we spied
 The signal to unmoor ;
 Which sleepless Caroline descry'd,
 (Sweet maid) from Gosport's shore :
 The fresh'ning gale at length arose,
 Her heart began to swell ;
 Nor could cold fear the thought oppose,
 Of bidding me farewell.

In open boat, the maid of worth,
 Soon reach'd our vessel's side ;
 Soon, too, she found her William's birth,
 But 'sought me not to chide :
 Go, she exclaim'd, for fame's a cause,
 A female should approve ;
 For who that's true to honour's cause,
 Is ever false to love ?

Should conquest in fair form array'd,
 Thy loyal efforts crown ;
 In Gosport will be found a maid,
 That lives for thee alone :
 May girls with hearts so firm and true,
 To love and glory's cause,
 Meet the reward they have in view,
 The meed of free applause.

SONG.

THE TRUMP OF FAME.

THE trump of fame your name has breath'd,
 Its praise is sounded far and near;
 Stout little John with laurel wreath'd,
 Has reach'd each dame and damsel's ear:
 But it is not you, bold Robin Hood,
 I come to seek with bended bow;
 'Tis him I'd meet by holy rood,
 To conquer with my ho, ho, ho.

Through frost and snow,
 Though cold winds blow;
 I never fail,
 In rain or hail,
 Though thunders roll,
 From pole to pole;
 To conquer with my ho, ho, ho.

With bended bow,
 The buck or doe;
 I never fail,
 Through rain or hail,
 Though thunders roll,
 From pole to pole;
 To conquer with my ho, ho, ho.

SONG.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

LIFE's like a ship in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low ;
 Where every one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever winds may blow :
 If unassail'd by squall or shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales ;
 Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
 While success attends our sails.

Or if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn, from reason, how to steer :
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,
 'Tis a ballast never fails ;
 Should danger rise, be ever ready,
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion
 While your vessel's under way ;
 Let good example bear dominion,
 That's a compass will not stray :
 When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas on the surface rails ;
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,
 And providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
 In some welcome port or bay ;
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And care awhile enslumber'd lay :
 Or when each cann's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails,
 Let each heart with rapture glowing,
 Drink success unto our sails.

SONG.

TIME AND CARE.

Sung by Mr. Deighton.

GAY Bacchus one evening inviting his friends,
 To partake of a generous flask ;
 To each social being a message he sends,
 To meet at the head of his cask :
 The guests all appear'd at his place of address,
 The witty, the grave, and the bold ;
 Our circle surpass'd all that fancy can guess,
 Of Arthur's round table of old.

In the midst of our merriment who do you think,
 Unsuspected had seated him there,
 But one Care, in disguise, who tips us the wink,
 And warn'd us of Time to beware :
 Who in spite of his age, or the weight of his years,
 We should find but a slippery blade ;
 Is known by the lock on his forehead he wears,
 And carries the sign of his trade,

We gratefully ply'd him with bottle and pot,
 Which fill'd up his wrinkles apace ;
 The Cinic grew blithe and his precepts forgot,
 And soon fell asleep in his place :
 Regardless of Time, then we threw off restraint,
 Nor fear'd we to wake the old spark ;
 Our songs were select and our stories were quaint,
 And each was as gay as a lark.

When all on a sudden so awful and tall,
 One appear'd who spoil'd a good song :
 Father Time moving round by the side of the wall,
 Behind us sly stealing along ;
 We rose to his rev'rence and offer'd a chair,
 He said for no man he would stay ;
 Then Bacchus upstart'd and snatch'd at his hair,
 And swore all the score he should pay.

But Time well aware of the god of the grape,
 Evaded his efforts and flew ;
 We seiz'd on his glass e'er he made his escape,
 And instantly broke it in two :
 Then we fill'd each with wine instead of the
 sand,
 And drank double toasts to the fair :
 Each member in turn with a glass in each hand,
 Then parted and went home with Care,

SONG.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd
in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown on my fate;
What matter'd my zeal or my honoured scars,
When indifference stood at each gate.
The face that would smile when my purse was
well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aspect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hi'd once again to the sea.
I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle alas! was my store.
A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.
The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a slippery jade.
And I vow'd if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful one see;
That the turbulent winds and the billows could
shew
More kindness than they did to me.

SONG.

THE TARTAN PLAIDDIE.

Sung by Miss LEARY.

BY moonlight on the green,
 Where lads and lasses stray;
 How sweet the blossom'd bean,
 How sweet the new made hay:
 But not to me so sweet,
 The blossoms on the thorn;
 As when my lad I meet,
 More fresh than May-day morn.

CHORUS.

Give me the lad so blithe and gay,
 Give me the Tartan Pladdie;
 For spite of all the wife can say,
 I'll wed my highland laddie:
 My bonny highland laddie,
 My bonny, &c.
 My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,
 Bonny highland laddie.

His skin's as white as snow,
 His e'en are bonny blue;
 Like rose buds sweet his mow,
 When wet with morning dew;
 Young Will is rich and great,
 And fain wou'd call me his;
 But what is pride or state,
 Without love's smiling blifs.

Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
 He look'd so blithe and gay;
 His flame I did approve,
 And could na say him nay:
 Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love and truth;
 Reward a love so chaste,
 And wed the constant youth.
 Give me the lad, &c.

SONG.

THE MILK-MAID—Tune "*O the broom.*"

HOW happy were my days 'till now,
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;
 I rose with joy to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning wheel.
 Sing O the broom, &c.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung;
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.
 Sing O the broom, &c.

O the fool, the silly, filly fool,
 That trusts what may be;
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.
 Sing O the broom, &c.

SONG.

LAUGHING SONG.

Sung by Miss POOLE.

WHEN Strephon appears how my heart pit-
a pat,
Shows the tender emotions with which it is
feiz'd :
To the shepherd's bewitching gay innocent chat,
I could listen for ever, oh dear I'm so pleas'd.
Tho' my grandmother frowns and protests I'm
too young,
With the lessons of Cupid so soon to be teaz'd;
But so sweet is the honey that falls from his tongue,
That I laugh at my Grannum, oh dear I'm so
pleas'd.
Shou'd he ask me to wed, as he hinted to day,
When my hand he so soft and so tenderly squeez'd,
He's so pretty a swain that I can't say him nay,
I'm resolv'd to be married, oh dear I'm so pleas'd.

SONG.

NEGLECTED SEAMAN.

I Sing the British seaman's praise,
A theme renown'd in story,
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
Oh 'tis your boast and glory :

When thickest darkness covers all,
 Far on the trackless ocean ;
 When light'ning darts, when thunders roll,
 And all is wild commotion :
 When the bark on the white top'd waves,
 With boist'rous sweep are rolling ;
 Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
 Untam'd amidst the howling.

Then Oh, protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
 He feels a glowing pleasure ;
 He loads his gun, or cracks his joke,
 Elated beyond measure :
 Tho' fore and aft the blood stain'd deck,
 Should lifeless trunks appear :
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,
 The sailor knows no fear.

Then Oh, pretest, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
 Where scorching beams assail him ;
 When all the canvas hangs supine,
 And food and water fail him ;
 Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
 Where plenty still is reigning ;
 They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
 He sighs—but scorns complaining.

Then Oh, protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
 Where death so oft befriends him ;
 Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
 True courage still attends him :

No clime can this eradicate,
 He glories in annoyance;
 He fearless braves the storms of fate,
 And bids grim death defiance.

Then Oh, protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fears,
 In Peace be then neglected?
 Behold him moving 'long the piers,
 Pale, meagre, and dejected:
 Behold him begging for employ,
 Behold him disregarded;
 Then view the anguish in his eye,
 And say, are Tars rewarded?

Then Oh, protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
 In Peace then would you starve them?
 What say ye, Britain's sons? Oh! no,
 Protect them and preserve them:
 Shield them from poverty and pain,
 'Tis policy to do it;
 Or when grim war shall come again,
 Oh, Britons, you may rue it.

CHORUS.

Then Oh! protect the hardy Tar,
 Be mindful of his merit;
 And when again you're plung'd in war,
 He'll shew his daring spirit.

SONG.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

HARK, the din of distant war,
How noble is the clangor !
Pale death ascends his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger.

CHORUS.

A doubtful fate the soldier tries,
Who joins the gallant quarrel ;
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend, to close his eyes ;
Though nobly mourn'd,
Perhaps return'd,
He's crown'd with vict'ry's laurel.

How many who, disdaining fear,
Rush on the desp'rate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear,
That dims the eye of beauty !

A doubtful fate, &c.

What noble fate can fortune give ?
Renown shall tell our story,
If we should fall : but if we live,
We live our country's glory.

'Tis true, a doubtful fate he tries, &c.

SONG.

THE JOVIAL TOPER.

COME, cheer up your hearts, and call for
 your quarts,
 And let there no liquor be lacking;
 We have money in store, and intend for to roar,
 Until we have sent it all packing:
 Then drawer, make haste, and let no time waste,
 But give ev'ry man his due;
 T'avoid all trouble, go fill the pot double,
 Since he that made one made two.

Come drink, my hearts, drink, and call for your
 wine,
 'Tis that makes a man to speak truly;
 What sot can refrain, or daily complain,
 That he in his drink is unruly?
 Then drink and be civil, intending no evil,
 If that you'll be ruled by me;
 For claret and sack we never will lack,
 Since he that made two made three.

The old curmudgeon fits all the day drudging,
 At home with brown bread and small beer;
 With scraping damn'd pelf, he starveth himself,
 Scarce eats a good meal in a year:
 But we'll not do so, howe'er the world go,
 Since that we have money in store;
 For claret and sack we never will lack,
 Since he that made three made four.

Come drink, my heart, drink, and call for your
wine,

Do you think that I'll leave you i'the lurch ?
My reckoning I'll pay ere I go away,
Or hang me as high as Paul's Church :
Tho' some men will say. this is not the way
For us, in this world, to thrive ;
'Tis no matter for that, let's have t'other quart,
Since he that made four made five.

A pox of old Charon, his brains are all barren,
His liquor (like coffee) is dry ;
But we are for wine, 'tis drink more divine,
Without it we perish and die :
Then troll it about, until 'tis all out,
We'll affront him in spite of his Styx ;
If he grudges his ferry, we'll drink and be merry,
Since he that made five made six.

But now the time's come that we all must go home,
Our liquor's all gone that's for certain ;
Which makes us repine, that a god so divine,
Won't give us one cup at our parting :
But since 'tis all paid, let's not be dismay'd,
But fly to great Bacchus in heaven ;
And chide him because he made no better laws,
Since he that made six made seven.

SONG.

JACK RATLIN.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
 None like him could hand, reef and steer;
 No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
 With skill and in contempt of fear:
 In fight, a lion—the battle ended,
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he fight and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack's regard;
 He while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on the pending yard,
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove:
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And dying sigh to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded,
 Once more to view their native land;
 Among the rest brought Jack some tidings,
 Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand:
 Oh fate!—her death defac'd the letter,
 Instant his pulse forgot to move,
 With quivering lips and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh and dy'd for love.

SONG.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away,
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See, the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains so high.
The wild heath, &c.

Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steeds neigh to the sound,
And the woods and the valleys reply.
And the woods, &c.

Our fore-fathers so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar.
By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.
And taught, &c.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd.
Where the bosom, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.
Still let ours, &c.

With the chace in full fight,
Gods, how great the delight!
How our mortal sensations refine.
How our mortal, &c.

Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine!
And the man's, &c.

Now to horse my brave boys,
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole.
That anon, &c.

Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.
And renew, &c.

SONG.

THE KENNEL RAKER, OR GRUBBER.

THO' I sweep to and fro, old iron to find,
 Brass pins, rusty nails, they are all to my
 mind;
 Yet I wear a sound heart true to great George
 our King,
 And tho' ragged and poor with clear conscience
 can sing :

*Tho' I sweep to and fro, yet I'd have you to know,
 There are sweepers in high life as well as in low.*

The statesman he sweeps in his coffers the blunt,
 That should pay the poor soldiers that honoured
 hunt;

The action, tho' dirty, he cares not a straw,
 So he gets but the ready the rabble may jaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

I'm told that the parson, for I never go
 To hear a man preach, what he'll never stick to;
 'Tis all for the sweepings he tips you the cant,
 You might pray by yourselves else, depend Sir
 upon't.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

One sweeps you from this life you cannot tell
where,

And what place you go to the Doctor don't care,
So he brings in his bill, your long purse to broach,
Then he laughs in his sleeve as he rides in his
coach.

Tho' I sweep, &c,

Your counsel may plead, but pray what is it for,
His eye's on your sob while he chatters the law ;
Tongue-padding he rakes you and sweeps you
quite clear,

Of what's better than iron you need not to fear.
Tho' I sweep, &c.

But honesty's best in what station we are,
For the grand sweeper, Death, we can sooner
prepare ;

Your statesmen, your parsons, your physic & law,
When Death takes a sweep are no more than a
chaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

SONG.

LAUGH AND LAY DOWN.

WHILE others attempt heavy minutes to kill,
With Ombre, with Commerce, Piquet, or
Quadrille ;

For once let us sing an old game of renown,
The old British pastime of laugh and lay down.
Hey down derry, ho down derry,
Hey down derry, hey ho, hey ho.

This pastime, the fountain and source of all arts,
Is play'd by the force of mere natural parts;
Its rules are so plain, from the plough take a
clown,
And he'll match the best monarch at laugh and
lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Old miserly wretches who starve in their rags,
To add to the weight of their ill-gotten bags;
At night from their bags they will squeeze half
a crown.

To sport with a damsel at laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Fat Alderman too (tho' it pass all belief)
For sake for this game even pudding and beef;
Their senses in claret no longer they drowe,
When spousy invites them to laugh and laydown.

Hey down derry, &c.

This game to promote all professions agree,
The lawyers esteem it as good as a fee;
The physical college with candor will own,
That nature's best cordial is laugh and laydown.

Hey down derry, &c.

Our reason as well as our sense it refines,
Or it ne'er would be practis'd by pious divines;
Archbishops and priests (no disgrace to the
gown)

To a man are all clever at laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

The women of all things are fond of the sport,
From the ruddy milk-maid to the duchefs at
court ;

Only play your cards well, and with black, fair
and brown,

You'll ne'er want a partner at laugh and lay
down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Tho' prudes may with coyness object to this
play,

'Tis the joy of their hearts, spite of all they can
say ;

Tho' they pish and cry fye, and refuse with a
frown,

Do but push the thing home and they'll laugh
and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Ye bachelors who to the game have regard,

This moral will teach you to play a sure card ;

Take blooming young wives, bid adieu to the
town,

And with them spend your ev'nings at laugh and
lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

SONG.

ALL IS A JOKE.

YE bucks and ye bloods who love tippling
and smoaking,
Who season each moment with laughing and
joking;
Awhile be but silent, attend what is spoke,
And I'll make it appear that the world is a joke.
Sing tantararara, joke all, joke all,
Sing tantararara, joke all.

The patriot so grave, from plain sir to his grace,
For his country will bawl, 'till he gets a good place,
Then he lays down the mask, and he throws off
the cloak,
And proves what he said was, alas! but in a joke.
Sing tantararara, &c.

The gen'ral so brave would his post soon betray,
If the foe would genteely but double his pay:
No longer would venture with cannon and smoke,
But resign and retire, and then laugh at the joke.
Sing tantararara, &c.

The lawyer, who pleads that your cause is quite
good,
Tho' he knows by himself it is not understood;
When he's drain'd all the fees that he can from
your poke,
Your cause is neglected, and all is a joke.
Sing tantararara, &c.

The physician so prim, with his cane & large wig,
 Who lols in his chariot, and looks very big;
 When Death comes and gives you the finishing
 stroke,
 You'll find his prescriptions were all but a joke.
 Sing tantararara, &c.

The next is old spin-text, reclamer of evil,
 Who says, for your sins you will go to the devil;
 When out of the pulpit, he'll wench, drink and
 smoke,
 And all will conclude, then, his preaching's a
 joke.
 Sing tantararara, &c.

The ladies so virtuous, so charming and pretty,
 Who rail against lovers, and cast away pity;
 Such railing we know is no more than a cloak,
 For the ladies were always all fond of a joke.
 Sing tantararara, &c.

The flattering fop, and the tradesmen who cheat,
 Will joke at each other when passing the street;
 Nay, he that can't joke, we a ninny should call,
 So let us sing tantararara, joke all.
 Sing tantararara, &c.

SONG.

BACCHANALIAN JOYS DEFEATED.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,
 Well dispos'd for t'other quart;
 Comes my wife to spoil my laughing,
 Telling me 'tis time to part:
 Words I knew were unavailing.
 Yet I sternly answer'd no;
 'Till from motives more prevailing,
 Sitting down she treads my toe.

Such kind tokens to my thinking,
 Most emphatically prove,
 That the joys that flow from drinking,
 Are averse to those of love!
 Farewel friends, and t'other bottle,
 Since I can no longer stay;
 Love more learn'd than Aristotle,
 Has to move me found the way.

SONG.

THE SEA FIGHT.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on board be spoke,
 Victory soon will crown the joke,
 Be silent and be ready:

Ram home your guns and sponge them well,
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,
 The cannons roar shall sound their knell,
 Be steady, boys, be steady.

Nor yet, nor yet, reserve your fire
 I do desire:—Fire!

Now the elements do rattle,
 The gods, amaz'd behold the battle,
 A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
 Trickle down her batter'd side;
 Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
 Conquer, boys, or bravely die!
 Hurl destruction on your foes,
 She sinks——huzza!
 To the bottom down she goes.

SONG.

SWEET LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond hill there lives a lass,
 More fair than May-day morn;
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,
 A rose without a thorn:.

This lass so neat,
 With smiles so sweet,
 Has won my right good'will;
 I'd crowns resign,
 To call her mine,
 Sweet lass of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.

This last so neat, &c.

How happy must that shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own;
O! may her choice be fix'd on *me*,
Mine's fix'd on *her* alone!

This last so neat, &c.

SONG.

BONNY JEM OF ABERDEEN.

THE tuneful lav'rocks cheer the grove,
And sweetly smells the summer green;
It's o'er the mead I love to rove,
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

CHORUS.

Whene'er we sit beneath the shade,
Or wander o'er the lee,
He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
Always wooing me.

He's blithe and gay, as flowers in May,
The bonniest lad of o' the green;
How sweet my time will pass away,
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi' joy I'll leave my fathers cot,
 Of ilka sports of glen or green;
 Well pleas'd to share the humble lot,
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we sit, &c.

SONG.

THE FARMER.

ERE around the huge oak, that o'er shadows
 yon mill,
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
 Or the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,
 And the rook built its nest on the pine.
 And the rook, &c.

Could I trace back the time (a far distant date)
 Since my forefathers toil'd in the field;
 And the farm I now hold, on your honour's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
 Is the same, &c.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me;
 For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with
 shame,
 And it still from a spot shall go free.
 And it still, &c.

SONG.

THE IRISHMAN.

In the PICTURE of PARIS.

THE turban'd turk who scorns the world,
 May strut about with his whiskers curl'd,
 Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,
 For nobody else but himself to see:
 Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran,
 Before he can love like an Irishman.

The gay Monsieur, *a slave no more*,
 The solemn Don, and the soft Signor,
 The Dutch Mynheer, so full of pride,
 The Russian, Prussian, Swede beside:
 That all may do whate'er they can,
 But they'll never love like an Irishman.

The *London* folks themselves beguile,
 And think they please in a capital stile;
 Yet let them ask, as they cross the street,
 Of any young virgin they happen to meet,
 And I know she'll say, from behind her fan,
 That there's none can love like an Irishman.

SONG.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find, at last, content and ease:
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home:
 In hopes, when toil and dangers o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
 The early scenes of youth renew;
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

SONG.

PLEASURE THROUGH LIE.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

WHEN I was a young one what girl was like
me,
So wanton, so airy, so brisk as a bee?
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where e'er
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
'Twas this, Sir, and that, Sir, but scarce ever
nay;
And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause:

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone,
Egad, I've a tongue, and I paid him his own;
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
tow'rd,
Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe,
I'm not what I was forty summer's ago;
This *Time's* a fore foe! there's no shunning his
 dart,
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be fitting mum-chace,
I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

SONG.

THE TAYLOR AND SEMPSTRESS.

Simile Simili gaudet.

A TAYLOR there was and he liv'd in a garret,
Who ne'er in his days tasted Champagne or Claret;
With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,
But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.
Derry down, &c.

His work he pursu'd without any repining,
When blest'd with a pint of three threads for
his lining;
'Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
With a Sempstress's bodkin destroy'd his *quivers*.
Derry down, &c.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure,
His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure;
His bills he contrives not with items to swell,
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram he damns them
to hell.

Derry down, &c.

Cupid, pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had
made;

And bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
Whoe'er finish'd without first beginning a suit?

Derry down, &c.

He visits the Sempstress with aukward address,
Protests on her kindness hung his happiness;
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches & wheedle,
For she, lack a day, was as sharp as a needle.

Derry down, &c.

He told her, on hon'able terms he was come,
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his
doom;

Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The Fate's shears would soon cut off the remnant
of life.

Derry down, &c.

Do you think, cry'd the Sempstress, I'll take for
a spouse,

One whom no one esteems three skips of a louse?
Advantage in your favour whatever you can,
A tayler is but the ninth part of a man.

Derry down, &c.

The taylor proceeded with lying entreating,
And making such speeches which scarce bear re-
peating ;

A woman unmarried was useless he said,
Was just like a needle without any thread.

Derry down, &c.

When the priest should have tack'd them toge-
ther, he cry'd,

For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide;
Tho' turkies and capons he could not aspire,
She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

Derry down, &c.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nim-
ble,

And swore that her eyes were more bright than
her thimble ;

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,
That (I know not how 'twas) he cabbag'd her
heart.

Derry down, &c.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went,
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent :
None but death could the conjugal knot have
untied,

For cross legg'd together they sat till they dy'd.

Derry down, &c.

SONG.

POOR PUFF.

A Lively young barber, an amorous spark,
Miss Stitchwell, by moonlight, once met
in the Park;
Between whom tête-à-tête soon begin,
Young Puff much desiring to stick his pole in.
Derry down, &c.

Her eyes he first swore like sharp razors had shorn,
His heart of its ease, which had made him forlorn;
But thus she made answer, oh fie, Johnny, fie,
Your pole I protest you shall ne'er stick in my—
Derry down, &c.

He then swore like soap in hotwater he dwindled,
For love had within his poor breast a flame
kindled;
He ne'er could be happy unless he could win her
To let him beat up nature's lather within her.
Derry down, &c.

With smiling, and smirking, and wantonly leering,
Said she, you young men are quite full of your
jeering;
With tongues smooth as hones too, you'll flatter
and lie,
Thro' talking, tho' none shall beat suds up in my—
Derry down, &c.

Soon taking the hint, to a bench he straight led
 her,
 Where he with her linen then partly o'erspread
 her,
 And soon Mr. Puff, to end well this odd matter,
 Pull'd out his machine and in haste let fly at her.
 Derry down, &c.

She endur'd it with ease, tho' she made him the
 puffer,
 And say, he ne'er lather ~~the~~ beard that was
 tougher;
 Yet as it had turn'd his tool's edge, she once more
 Desir'd he would set it and then lather o'er.
 Derry down, &c,

T'effect which, his soap balls she squeez'd, but
 in vain,
 He could not make suds in her basin again,
 Which made her exclaim to poor Puff's great
 dishonour,
 A block-head of wood might as well lie upon her.
 Derry down, &c.

Says she, such a trimmer as you I ne'er felt,
 Your roll of pomatum so quickly does melt,
 Your cistern soon drain'd too, and cock therefore
 useless—
 A weaving-frame I might as well have that's
 juiceless.
 Derry down, &c.

SONG.

EVERY ONE'S LIKING.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN kind friends expect a song,
 Something new and striking;
 Surely he can ne'er be wrong,
 Who gives each his liking.

Patriots like to get a place,
 The Courtiers theirs to keep;
 Country 'squires to drink and chase,
 And sit to eat and sleep.

Parsons like a Bishopric,
 Gamblers like to bubble;
 Doctors like to see friends sick,
 Lawyers theirs in trouble.

Soldiers like both peace and pay,
 When fighting is no more:
 Sailors like a road to stray,
 For gold to wash ashore.

Ruddy bullies like to bluster,
Pale beaux to seem polite;
Train-band Captains like a muster,
But neither like to fight.

Ladies like—a thousand things,
But yet it were not well;
He who for his pleasure sings,
Should all their likings tell.

SONG.

TO BANISH LIFE'S TROUBLES.

TO banish life's troubles, the Grecian old Sage,
Prest the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl,
Which made him forget all the care of old age :
It bloom'd in his face and made happy his soul:
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
'Tis the liquor of life that each care can controul.

This jovial philosopher thought that the sun,
Was thirsty and often drank deep of the main ;
That the planets would tipple away as they run,
The earth wanted moisture and soak'd up the
rain :
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
'Tis the liquor of life and why should we refrain.

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
 The hero and lover alike it makes bold ;
 Vexations in life's busy day 'twill remove,
 Delightful alike to the young and the old :
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

SONG.

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care killing
 bowl,
 And folly in thought drowning revels delight,
 Such worship alas ! has no charms for the soul,
 When softer devotion the senses invite.

To the arrow of fate or the canker of care,
 His potion oblivious a balm may bestow ;
 But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The death of reflection the care of all woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone ?
 For a tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my
doom,

And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our
life.

Come then, rosy Bacchus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul;
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Not e'er, jolly God, from the banquet remove;
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by Friendship and sweeten'd
by Love.

SONG.

THE CHOICE SPIRIT'S LOTTERY.

YE national schemers's awhile give me leave,
A scheme I'll advance that shall no ways
deceive;

No humbug I mean set on foot by the great,
Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of the state.

No——your tickets divide into shares,
To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares;
No blanks to depress you come in my design,
The wheel is good-humour, the prize is good
wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must
accrue,

To a people who always give Bacchus his due :
Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine that gives freedom we always maintain ;
The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain ;
'Tis wine gives us wit, and ennobles the sense,
And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The hero aspires to conquests and arms,
The lover despises his mistress's charms ;
The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
Replete with the pow'r giving juice of the vine.

Then our lottery attend all who love frisk and fun,
You are sure of a prize for no more than a crown ;
Apollo and Bacchus here jointly agree
To take off the hip, and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his pelf,
To be happy for once steal a crown for himself ;
Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
The whole course is a blank—here you're sure
of a prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whoever may please,
Leave your sighing and cares, here you'll quick-
ly find ease :

Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
This ev'ning we draw, sir, at Comus's hall.

SONG.

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

L ORD, what care I for mam or dad,
 Why let them scold and bellow ;
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair-day on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well O ;
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over—night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow ;
 Says he, my dear, I'll see you home !
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along the moon shone bright,
 Says he my sweetest Nello,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light,
 Lord what a charming fellow !

You rogue, says I, you've stop'd my breath,
 Ye bells, ring out my knello ;
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

SONG.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

Sung in the School for Scandal.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, sir:
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry:
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

SONG.

BRIDEWELL'S WELCOME.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon
 the lay,
 In Tothill-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs ye
 sport and play;
 Rattl'ing up your darbies, come hither at my call,
 I'm jigger Dubber here and you're welcome to
 Mill Doll. With my tow row, &c.

At your insurance-office the flats you've taken in,
 The game you've play'd, my kiddy, you're al-
 ways sure to win;
 First you touch the shiners—the number up—
 you break,
 With your insuring policy, I'd not insure your
 neck. With my tow row, &c.

The French, with trotters nimble, could fly from
 English blows,
 And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur
 plainly shews:
 Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, ay, thump
 away Monsieur,
 The hemp you're beating now, will make you
 solitaire.

My peepers, who've we here now? why this is
 sure Black Moll,
 My Ma'am you're of the fair sex, so welcome to
 Mill Doll;
 The cull with you, who'd venture into a snoozing
 ken,
 Like Blackamoor Othello, should put out the
 light, and then—

I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take
 better care,
 Not for a little bub come the flang upon your
 fare;
 Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you
 tip,
 Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger
 holds the whip.

CHORUS.

We're Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers, we're
 all upon the lay,
 In Tothill-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs we
 sport and play;
 Ratt'ling up our darbies, we're hither at your
 call,
 You are jigger Dubber here and we're forc'd for
 to Mill Doll.

SONG.

CHARMING VILLAGE MAID.

CHARMING village maid,
 If thou wilt but be mine,
 In gold and pearls array'd,
 All my wealth is thine :
 If not enjoy'd with thee,
 E'en nature's beauties fade,
 Sweetest do but love me,
 Charming village maid.

Had I yon shepherd's care,
 Your lambs to feed and fold,
 The Dog-star heat I'd bear,
 Or winter's piercing cold :
 Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,
 With arrow, flail, or spade,
 Sweetest can't you love me,
 Charming village maid.

This morn, at early dawn,
 I had a hedge-rose wild,
 It's sweets perfum'd the lawn,
 'Twas nature's sportive child :
 My lovely fair, for thee,
 Transported from the glade,
 Sweetest can't you love me,
 Charming village maid.

SONG.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

THE day is departed, and round from the
cloud

The moon in her beauty appears ;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears.

Maria appear, now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel ;
I sigh—can a lover do more ?

Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.

Maria ! my love, do you long for the grove ?
Do you sigh for an interview soon ?

Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow ;

Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.

Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon ?

Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon ?

SONG.

GLEE.

In the BATTLE of HEXHAM.

WHEN Arthur first at Court began,
 To wear long-hanging sleeves;
 He entertain'd three serving men,
 And all of them were thieves.
 The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot;
 The third he was a Welshman,
 And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman lov'd Ufquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd Ale call'd Blue-cap;
 The Welshman he lov'd Toasted Cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse trap.
 Ufquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in Ale;
 The Welchman had like to've been choak'd by a
 mouse,
 But he pull'd hur out by the tail.

SONG.

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and though its not
common,
Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman :
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old,
Age made him old, age made him old,
He was once, &c.

When'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,
And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat ;
When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or never could see without light,
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night ;
He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed,

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when
he walk'd ;
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him,
you'd burst,
For one leg or other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd it was seldom quite clean,
He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across'twixt his nose & his chin.

When this whimsical chap had a river to pass,
 If he could not get o'er, he would stay where he was;
 'Tis said he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
 Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd

Among other strange things that befel this good
 yeoman.

He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a
 woman;

And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're be-
 guil'd,

We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick as old Chronicles tell,

And then, as folks say, he was not very well;

But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,

As he could not give fees, he could get no phy-
 sician.

What wonder he died—yet, 'tis said, that his death

Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath:

But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder

Had he liv'd a day longer he had been a day older.

DE CAPO.

SONG.

THE WONDERFUL OLD WOMAN.

Being an Answer to the Wonderful Old Man.

SINCE a wonderful man I find is quite com-
mon,
A wonderful tale I'll relate of a woman ;
When a child, she was counted an infant, 'tis
hinted,
And was always best pleas'd when she seem'd
most contented.

Her form was most strange, for, as it is told us,
She was born with a head that was plac'd on her
shoulders:
She could see with her eyes, with her tongue she
could talk,
And her legs always mov'd when she happen'd
to walk.

When she found herself cold, she would often
desire,
(So cunning was she) to be plac'd by the fire ;
If she found it too hot (it is true what I say)
So great was her sense, she would move quite
away.

Old maxims she had in great store in her mind,
And knew when she went first she was never behind;

It is odd, you will say, but 'twas certainly so,
Nothing troubled her mind but misfortunes and woe.

In the morning she always got up when she rose,
Nor ever look'd naked when cover'd with cloaths;
She'd an arm to each leg, and strange to relate,
She had fingers and toes to her hands and her feet.

Having pass'd through this life in a manner uncommon,

When dead she was silent altho' an old woman;
But the strangest event happen'd after her death,
To the grave she was carry'd and quite out of breath.

SONG.

THE WEDDING DAY.

Sung by Miss Decamp.

LET me entreat, entreat you to comply,
I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind Sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding day;
All on the green with garlands fresh and fair,
Oh! what delights, would you our pastimes share:

With dance and song,
 We'll join the throng,
 And banish ev'ry care :
 For such a theme,
 Tho' young I seem,
 Yet sing I may
 On tender lay,
 Oh ! love, oh ! gentlest pow'r
 Smile on the wedding hour.

You see, dear father, tho' young I can please,
 The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease,
 Yes, yes, I am sure he can't say nay,
 We all shall keep this holiday :
 Then on the green, your pleasure to enhance,
 If you'll but think for Julia to advance,
 Altho' not yet,
 So tall as Laurette,
 I think you'll own I can dance,
 With sprightly step,
 I'll bound, I'll leap,
 And sing all day
 That happy lay,
 Oh ! love, oh ! gentlest pow'r,
 Smile on the wedding hour.

SONG.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
(Where sad despair and famine always dwells)

A meagre Frenchman, Madame Granfire's cook,
As home he steer'd, his carcase that way took :
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-loin,
On which in vain he oft had wish'd to dine.
Good father Dominic by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd :
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd
He lick'd his chops and thus the Knight address'd:

AIR.

(A lowly Lads to a Friar came, &c.)

O rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-loin, oft' times decreed,
 The theme of English ballad,
 On thee e'en Kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed,
 Soup-meagre, frog, and fallad.

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food:
 His morning's mess forsook (the friendly bowl!)
 And in small streams along the pavement stole;
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And thus, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Die! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and wite?
 Be gar it is the rost beef of Londree,
 Oh! grant to me von litel bité.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;
 In kind compassion to my pleading,
 Return and let me feast mine eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow guard, of right Hibernian clay,
(Whose brazen front his country did betray)
From Tyburn's fatal tree had thither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread:
Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cried.

AIR.

(Ellen a Room.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, &c.

So taking thy sight is,

My joy that so light is,

To view thee, by pailfulls run out of my eyes.

While here I remain my life's not worth a far-
thing,

While here, &c.

Ah! hard hearted Loui,

Why did I come to you?

The gallows more kind would have sav'd me from
starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground, hard by, poor sawney sat,
Who sed his nose and scratch'd his ruddy pate;

But when Old England's bulwark he espied,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside :
With lifted hands he blest his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his
case.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh ! Sawney is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late ;
To see such meat as can't be got, ,
When hunger is so great.

O the beef ! the bonny, bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown ;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down.

Ah, Charley ! hadst thou ne'er been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
I would the de'el had pick'd mine eyn,
E'er I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But see, my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite ;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's
throne,
And whips and chains, and tortures are not known :
Tho' Britain's fame in loftier strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

*O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.*

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cried, son to attempt it you're surely to blame.
O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard, made him
burst.
O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear,
The Ox is Old England, the Frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able,
To see the Sir-loin smoaking hot on the table,
The French may e'en boast like the frog in the
fable.
O the roast beef, &c.

SONG.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

TO be merry and wise is a proverb of old,
But a maxim so good can't too often be
told :

Then attend to my song, nor my council despise,
For I mean to be merry—but merry and wise.

Ye bucks, who, when toping, such raptures express,
And yet the next day's dismal proofs of excess ;
Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice,
'Tis to drink and be merry—but merry and wise.

In woman so lovely is center'd each bliss,
But let prudence give sanction, 'twill sweeten
the kiss ;
If not beauty or folly your senses surprise,
You may kiss and be merry—but merry and wise.

Then ye toppers and rakes, who would lead happy
lives,
All excesses avoid, and choose modest wives ;
While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,
Love, drink and be merry—but merry and wise.

SONG.

THE JOLLY SAILOR.

A JOLLY Jack Tar, but a little while since,
 As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince;
 Fell foul of an ale house and thought it a sin,
 To pass without calling, so went roaring in.
Derry down, &c.

He scarce had sat down, when the landlord came
 by,
 With pudding and beef which attracted his eye;
 From the mast head a sail—Jack leaps from his
 place,
 And grasping his cudgel gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were
 met,
 Resolving soup meagre and frogs to forget,
 Convinc'd of their error, they'd order'd a feast,
 To be dress'd and serv'd up in the true English
 taste.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord Jack quickly appears.
 And made the room echo with three British
 cheers;
 Then sat himself down without any debate,
 And whipt his old chew on his next neighbour's
 plate.
Derry down, &c.

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,
 Than thinking it needless to wait for the grace;
 In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief,
 First grappled the pudding then boarded the beef.
 Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmen's sur-
 prise,
 They shrunk up their shoulders and star'd with
 their eyes;
 From one went a-hah! from another a-hem!
 Then look'd at the landlord, the landlord at
 them.
 Derry down, &c.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's
 advice,
 Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice;
 But Jack cut his fingers and gave him a check,
 Crying down with your arms or I'll soon clear
 the deck.
 Derry down, &c.

At length to revenge all the Frenchmen unite,
 Each seiz'd on his knife and prepar'd for a fight;
 Of quarters, says Jack, I would have you not
 think,
 So strike, you soup bibbers, strike, strike or you
 sink.
 Derry down, &c.

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,
 And, sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the tar;
 I've got him, says he, but he scarce could say
 more,
 E'er he found his dull pate where his heels were
 before.
 Derry down, &c.

Then, frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old
 sick

And lay on his broadsides so fast and so thick—
 He so well play'd his part, in a minute that four
 Lay sprawling along, with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest, being dismay'd at their countrymen's
 fate,

Each fearing Jack's sick should alight on his
 pate;

Soon yielded him victor and lord of the main,
 With humble entreaty to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

To which he consented, but order'd that they,
 For the beef, and the pudding, and porter should
 pay;

So saying he stagger'd away to his wench,
 Still whooping and crying, down, down with the
 French.

Derry down, &c.

SONG.

A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blush-
 ing dawn,

The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note;
 Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away, to the copse, lead away,
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
 I'll warrant he shews us some play,
 See yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk coursers and smoke 'em my
 bloods,
 'Tis a delicate, scent-lying morn ;
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,
 Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
 In cover no safety can find ;
 So he breaks it and scouts amain,
 And leaves us a distance behind.

O'er rocks, o'er rivers, and o'er hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn :
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die,
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
 His speed can no longer avail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain
 that he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd and forlorn ;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

SONG.

THE MERRY DANCE.

Sung by Miss Romannini.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
 For then, Collette, thy hand I seize;
 And press it too whene'er I please,
 And none can see and none reprove :
 Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
 And then we whisper soft and low,
 Ah! how I grieve, ah! how I grieve,
 I grieve, you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
 Yet still we are too young they say,
 But we know better sure than they;
 Youth should not listen to threescore:
 And I'm resolv'd to tell her so,
 When next we whisper soft and low,
 Oh! how I grieve, oh! how I grieve,
 I grieve, you ne'er her charms can know.

SONG.

THE BOTTLE AND LASS.

Sung by Mr. Burling.

ONE day as I sat with a blooming young lass,
 In came jolly Bacchus the rosy fac'd god :
 In came, &c.

He held out his hand and he gave me a glass,
 I tofs'd it off quickly and gave him a nod :
 Said he, jolly mortal, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and las while you can.

He sat himself down and call'd for a tun,
 A tun of good wine, it was spark'ling Cham-
 paigne ;
 And swore I should drink while the liquor would
 run,

He fill'd, and I drank, and he fill'd it again :
 And said, jolly mortal, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and las while you can.

He order'd again the same as before,
 And laughing, said prithee boy have t'other
 bout ;

He said son drink hearty, I've plenty in store,
 Good father, said I, I'll e'en see it out :
 Said he bravo, bravo, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and las while you can.

What Bacchus has taught shall ne'er be forgot,
 As long as I've breath for to tope a full glass ;
 And may rosy wine be for ever my lot,
 A hearty good friend and a comely young las ;
 For since I am certain that life's but a span,
 I'll drink and be merry as long as I can.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

Written by Ralph Tomlinson, Esq.

Sung by Mr. DOBSON.

TO *Anacreon*, in Heav'n, where he sat in full
glee,

A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be,
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old
Grecian—

Voice, fiddle and flute,

No longer be mute,

I'll lend ye my name and inspire ye to boot :
And besides, I'll instruct ye, like me. to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himself
airs,

If these mortals are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,

The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

Hark ! already they cry,

In transports of joy,

A fig for Parnassus ! to Rowley's we'll fly :
And there, my good fellows, we'll learn to entwine,

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fussy maids,
 To the hill of old Lud will incontinent flee;
 Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 And the biforked hill a mere desert will be :
 My thunder, no fear on't,
 Will soon do its errand,
 And, dam'me! I'll swinge the ringleaders,
 I'll warrant;
 I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to 'twine
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo rose up, and said, prithee ne'er quarrel,
 Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
 Your thunder is useless, then shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd *Sic ewitabile fulmen*, you know!
 Then over each head
 My laurels I'll spread,
 So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
 dread;
 While snug in their club-room they jovially 'twine,
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz;
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:
 The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
 But the song, and the catch, and the laugh
 shall be mine:
 Then, Jove, be not jealous,
 Of these honest fellows;
 Cry'd Jove, we relent, since the truth you
 now tell us,
 And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall en-
 twine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;
 'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd,
 You've the sanction of gods and the fiat of
 Jove.

While thus we agree,
 Our toast may it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united and free !
 And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine,
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

SONG.

ADVANTAGE OF TRUTH.

Sung in Inkle and Yarico.

O GIVE me your plain dealing fellows,
 Who never from honesty shrink ;
 Not think ng on all they should tell us,
 But telling us all that they think.

Truth from man flows like wine from a bottle,
 His free spoken heart's a full cup ;
 But when truth sticks half way in the throttle,
 Man's worse than a bottle cork'd up.

Complaisance is a gingerbread creature,
 Us'd for shew like a watch by each spark ;
 But truth is a golden repeater,
 That sets a man right in the dark.

SONG.

GODDESS OF THE CHACE,

Sung by Mr. Doyle.

GIVE round the word, dismount,
While echoed by the sprightly horn;
The toils and pleasures we recount,
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

CHORUS.

'Twas glorious sport none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Adæon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chace.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot;
But pleased they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the slot.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plains he fleets,
The deep mouth hounds begin to bawl,
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

For now the stag has lost his pace,
 And while war-hauch the huntsman cries ;
 His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
 He pants, he struggles and he dies.
 'Twas glorious sport, &c.

SONG.

THE HAPPY FELLOW.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in
 the other,

I'll drink to my neighbour and friend ;
 My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,
 Since life I now shortly must end :
 While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
 With good ale I will make myself mellow ;
 In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
 Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the
 nation,

I've enough of my own for to mind ;
 For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
 To death we must all be consign'd :
 Then I laugh, drink and smoke, and leave no-
 thing to pay,

But drop like a pear that is mellow ;
 And when cold in my coffin I'll leave them to say,
 He's gone, what a hearty good fellow !

SONG.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heav'n has made him great?
 Why look with insolent disdain,
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care.

The scepter'd King, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction lie:
 Go, search the *Tombs* where *Monarchs* rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore,
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
 And all their honours are no more!

As flies the meteor thro' the skies
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot—'tis gone—its beauty dies—
 Dissolves to common air again:
 So 'tis with us my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
 When Jove commands we must obey.

SONG.

JOLLY BACCHANALIAN.

DEAR Tom this brown jug that now foams
 with mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 Was one Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl;
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days, he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please;
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old flingo was soaking his clay;
 His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died, full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again;
 A potter found out, in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown
 jug:
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

SONG.

Sung in NO SONG NO SUPPER.

Written by Mr. DIEDIN.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
 He works now late now early,
 Now up and down, now to and fro,
 What then, he takes it cheerly;
 Blest with a smiling cann of grog,
 If duty call, stand, rise, or fall,
 To fate's last verge he'll jog,
 The cadge to weigh,
 The sheets belay,
 He does it with a wish,
 To heave the lead,
 Or to cat-head,
 The pond'rous anchor fish.
 For while the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.
*We sing a little, and laugh a little,
 And work a little, and swear a little,
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
 And swig the flowing cann.*

If howling winds and roaring seas,
 Give proof of coming danger,
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack's to fear a stranger.

Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
 Where now below,
 We headlong go.
 Now rise on mountains high,
 Spite of the gale,
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful reef.
 Or man the deck,
 To clear some wreck,
 To give the ship relief.
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our case is hard,
 Tho' storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home, a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us;
 Now too, the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gaily sing and laugh.
 The sails we furl,
 Then, for each girl,
 The petticoat display,
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey,
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

SONG.

THE MILLER OF OXFORDSHIRE.

Sung by Mr. Deighton.

A MILLER I am, ever heart-whole and free,
And as just, thank my stars, as a Miller
should be;
For while I dip mydish into each neighbour's sack,
Like those better bred I but live by my clack.

Lawyers, Doctors and Parsons, all follow my plan,
When their clack sets a going they grind all
they can;
But mywork's the cleanest, for theygrind in black,
While I grind in white, by the dint of my clack.

When'squire in the parliament-house takes a post,
Ding dong goes his clapper at somebody's cost;
If he gets into office, the cole he will sack,
Just as I do my meal, by the help of my clack.

The gay folks of *London* may sneer if they will,
And set their fine wits at the thief in the mill;
But I'll do as I ought, if they'll shew me the
knack,
And let them if they can keep as honest a clack.

SONG.

BONNY BET SWEET BLOSSOM.

NO more I'll court the Town-bred fair,
That shines in artificial beauty ;
For nature's charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, respect, and duty,

*O my bonny, bonny Bet sweet blossom,
O my bonny. &c.*

*Was I a King so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom,
O my bonny, bonny Bet.*

You ask me where those beauties lye ;
I cannot say in smiles or dimple,
In blooming cheek, or radiant eye—
'Tis happy nature wild and simple.

O my bonny, &c.

Let bucks and beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common ;
Ye darling gods ! *one* wish be mine,
And all I ask, is—*lovely woman !*

O my bonny, &c.

Come, lovely girl, the rosy bowl,
O'er thy bright eye with pleasure dancing ;
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.

O my bonny, &c.

SONG.

THE VILLAGE MAID.

From The Farmer—Sung by Mrs. Coptal.

TO hear a sweet Goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet;
 But scarce in the meadow pies on it,
 When a captain appears in my view:
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat a strange palpitation,
 I blush't like a pink or carnation,
 When said he, " My love, how do you do?"

The dickens I thought it had pop'd him,
 For when he pass'd by, then I stop't him;
 And my very best curtsy I drop't him,
 With an air, then, he took off his hat:
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand—how my heart panted;
 He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,
 And, pray Sir, what *barm* was in that.

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
 And dam'me he'd never forsake me,
 Then on one knee he flopp'd down:
 His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth were seen so completely,
 He manag'd the matter so *naïly*,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown,

SONG.

THE LINNETS.

AS bringing home the other day,
 Two Linnets I had ta'n ;
 The little warblers seem'd to pray,
 For liberty again :
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
 I sung across the lee ;
 In vain they stretch'd their downy throats,
 And flutter'd to be free.

As passing by yon tufted grove,
 (Near which my cottage stood)
 I thought I saw the queen of love,
 When Clora's charms I view'd :
 I stop't—I gaz'd—and press'd her stay,
 To hear my tender tale ;
 But all in vain, she fled away,
 Nor could my tender sighs prevail !

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made,
 Came pity to my breast ;
 And thus I, as compassion bade,
 The feather'd pair address'd :—
 Ye little warblers, chearful be,
 Remember not ye flew ;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

SONG.

THE CRY OF THE HOUNDS.

Sung by Mr. Willson.

HARK away, my brave boys, to the cry of
the hounds,

How blithsome o'er hill and thro' dale.
Sweet echo delighted, the music resounds,
And waft it o'er mountain and vale:

Mellow sounds the blithe horn in the morning
so gay.

And echo delighted, cries, hark, hark away.

Then haste away, 'tis the enliv'ning view, hol-
low,

Sly Reynard breaks cover and flies;
The hounds, true to scent, his track quickly fol-
low,

And loud tallyho's rend the skies.

Mellow sounds the blithe horn, &c.

Then leave to dull care all the sons of the day,

Let them labour and toil while we follow

The sweet swelling cry of the musical hound,

And the voice of the huntsman's sweet hollow.

Mellow sounds the blithe horn, &c.

SONG.

POOR TOM BOWLING.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew,
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him too.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blyth and jolly—
 Ah! many's the time and oft;
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When HE, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew togeth:
 The word to pipe all hands:
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 Tom's life has vainly doff'd;
 For tho' his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

SONG.

CHARMING KITTY.

THO' many a nymph may claim my song,
 For shape and grace, and features handsome,
 Yet, Kate, such charms to thee belong,
 As well as are worth a monarch's ransom,
 And had I India's wealth in store,
 I'd shun with joy the court or city;
 And live sequester'd evermore,
 With thee sweet maid, my charming Kitty.

I many an acre, Kate, can boast,
 Large tracts of land, and golden treasure;
 Then come, sweet girl, I love thee most,
 I'll lay it at thy feet with pleasure.
 For thee I'll e'en the sex resign,
 The fair, the brown, the gay, the witty;
 If thou'lt be mine, and only mine,
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

Then leave the shepherds, bonny Kate,
 Lay by the crook, each care give over;
 And let me henceforth on thee wait!
 A task how pleasing to a lover!
 My life I'll dedicate to thee,
 And sing thee oft a tender ditty;
 If thou'lt consent to live with me,
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

SONG.

OLD ENGLAND'S MY TOAST

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

WHO thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to roam,
He may seek a new climate that's wretched at home;
Who of pleasure of folly has not had his fill,
May quit poor Old England whenever he will;
But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
For change I'm too steady, and *rambling is pain.*

Old England brave boys, good enough is for me,
Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-right I'm free;
Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
I can sport in the fields, or can roar in my hall;
My time is my own, I can do as I will,
I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
I want no exotics, so easy am I,
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead,
With party and state I ne'er trouble my head;
Contention I hate and a bumper love most,
You'll pledge me I'm sure, for Old England's my toast.

SONG.

THE BRUSH MAKER.

I AM a young brush maker launch'd into life,
 And want to possess a choice thing call'd a wife;
 Yet my efforts the women regard not a rush,
 When I ask them the question, they all bid me
brush. Derry down, &c.

I courted Clarinda, whose father makes candles,
 Commending her hand while *long fix'd* she handles;
 Some freedoms I took, which provoking a blush,
 She alarm'd the old man, and he forc'd me to
brush. Derry down, &c.

On Precilla the fair, I next made the attack,
 When boasting of nose, and the strength of my
 back;
 With hopes of success I began to be flush,
 But she at that crisis refus'd me a *brush.*
 Derry down, &c.

In this sad dilemma, what course could I steer,
 The sex are so cruel, so coy, so severe;
 I apply'd to young Kitty, who bade me be hush,
 And said, to oblige me, she'd grant me a *brush.*
 Derry down, &c.

I often repeat these sweet visits to Kate,
 Who rejoices to see me both early and late;
 The priest shall say grace, and we'll *brush it about.*
 At morn, noon, & night 'till the *brush* is worn out.
 Derry Down, &c.

SONG.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

TWAS Saturday Night, the twinkling stars
 Shone on the rippling sea,
 No duty call'd the jovial tars,
 The helm was lash'd alee :
 The ample cann adorn'd the board,
 Prepar'd to see it out,
 Each gave the lass that he ador'd,
 And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
 A frigate neat and trim,
 All jolly Portsmouth's favorite boast,
 I'd venture life and limb ;
 Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
 With dauntless heart and stout,
 So tight a vessel to command,
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
 Sailing in comely state,
 Top gan'tsals set, she is so tall,
 She looks like a first rate.
 Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,
 A voyage for life throughout,
 No better birth I'd wish to know,
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
 Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,
 What joy so fine a ship to man?
 She is my heart's delight!
 So well she bears the storms of life,
 I'd sail the world throughout,
 Brave every toil for such a wife,
 Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
 Each his best manner tried:
 'Till, summoned by the empty cann,
 They to their hammocks hied:
 Yet still did they their vigils keep,
 Though the huge cann was out,
 For, in soft vision's gentle sleep
 Still push'd the grog about.

SONG.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

TWAS in the good ship Rover
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years and over,
 I ne'er touch'd British ground;
 At length in England landed,
 I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal.

Right fore and aft we bore,
And when we made Cape Ortegal,
A gale blew off the shore ;
She lay so it did shock her,
A log upon the main,
'Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night.
Thunder and lightⁿing hailing
The horrors of the fight ;
My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Altho' I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier ;
The King, God bless his royalty,
Who sav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

SONG.

MARY'S DREAM.

Sung by Mr. BULL.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
That rises o'er the source of dee ;
And from the Eastern summits shed,
It's silver light on tower and tree :
When Mary lay her down to rest,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When soft and low a voice was heard—
Saying—" *Mary weep no more for me.*"

She from her pillow, gent'ly rais'd
Her head, to see who there might be ;
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow e'en :
" O! Mary, dear! cold is my clay,
" It lies beneath a stormy sea—
" Far, far, from thee I sleep in death,
" *So, Mary, weep no more for me.*

" Three stormy days and stormy nights
" We toss'd upon the raging main ;
" And long we strove our bark to save,
" But all our striving was in vain :
" E'en then as horror fill'd my breast ;
" My heart was full of love for thee,
" The storm is past, and I at rest—
" *So, Mary, weep no more for me.*

“ O ! Mary, dear, thyself prepare ;
 “ We soon shall meet upon that *shore*,
 “ Where love is free, from doubt or care,
 “ *And thou and I shall part—NO MORE !*”
 Loud crew the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft and low the spirit said,
 “ *Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !*”

SONG.

WE'LL ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay,
 Alas are the children of sorrow ;
 And though brisk and merry to day,
 We all may be wretched to-morrow.
 For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant the best blessing we know,
 Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,
 And yet, lest the friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure :

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
 Thus riches and health are a bubble,
 Sure there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,
 That on earth would be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife
 To whom truth and honour are given:
 But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
 That with all my respect to the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy.
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,
 And that, since we must all of us die,
 We should taste no enjoyment while living.



FINIS.

